

Life Alert

Her foot slipped and she fell. Mrs. Myers tumbled to the floor and landed on the cold tiles with a agonizing crack. Pain coursed through her hip and she gasped in agony as she lay sprawled on the floor, helpless. The ground pressed into her side. She knew she had broken a bone, but being an elderly, widowed lady, she was the only person living in her house and she couldn't call out to anyone for help.

She had to reach the telephone and dial 911. But the telephone on the wall was several feet away, all the way across the kitchen. She dragged her body across the floor, grunting in pain, until she finally reached the telephone. Stretching her fingers, she grasped the cord and pulled the receiver down. With fumbling fingers, she punched in 9-1-1 and held the phone to her ear.

A pleasant female voice answered after the first ring. "911, what's your emergency?" she said.

"Help! I've fallen and I can't get up!" Mrs. Myers sobbed.

"Are you injured, ma'am?"

"It's my hip! My hip . . ." she whimpered.

She glanced down and saw that her hip was strangely twisted and a large bone appeared to be sticking out. She gasped in horror.

About fifteen minutes later, Mrs. Myers heard the wailing of sirens from an ambulance. The last thing she saw before she passed out was the flashing lights of the white ambulance as it screeched to a halt in front of her house. Then her world went black.

When she came to, she was in a hospital room. She glanced around and saw multiple tubes sticking into her arm. There was also an enormous, bulky cast on her hip.

The doctor came into the room, wearing a spotless white coat and a frown. "Not to worry, ma'am," he said reassuring. "The ambulance got to your house just in time. You have a broken hip, but you're going to be just fine."

I should really invest in Life Alert, she thought groggily as she fell back asleep.